

THE

CRIES

OF A

Wounded Conscience;

Or, The Sorrowful SIGHS of a
TREMBLING SINNER.

AT THE
POINT of DEATH.

Wherein he bitterly laments the folly of his wicked life
earnestly entreating God to be gracious to him in the
salvation of his soul, even for his Mercy's sake con-
cluding with an exhortation of his friends, beseech-
ing them not to follow the bad example of his loose
life, assuring them it was dangerous, as well as
hazardous to trust to a death-bed repentance.

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THE
Cries of a Wounded Conscience.

REMEMBER, Lord, thy Servant in Distress,
O comfort me, for I am comfortless,
Pardon my Sins before this World I leave;
That I a Crown of Glory may receive.



Of all my Friends a final Leave I take,
 Beseeching you this Minute to forsake
 The Paths of Sin; repent for what is past,
 For fear the Sting of Conscience comes at last.



Before I lay upon my dying Bed,
 I must confess a wicked Life I led;
 And never thought upon a future State,
 So now I fear Repentance comes too late.

Remember well ye Sinners standing by,
 The Time will come when you as well as I,
 Will feel the bitter Pangs of Death, therefore
 Repent with Speed, God's Mercy to implore.

To think of Death my Heart is fill'd with Woe,
 My very Eyes like Fountains overflow;
 With melting Tears, I being much afraid
 To leave this World before my Peace is made.



E'er long I must before the Lord appear,
 To answer for my sins committed here.
 I tremble at the very Thought of this,
 Fearing the Loss of everlasting Bliss.

Distress and Sorrow fill my Soul with Grief,
 And none alive can yield the least Relief,
 But thou, O God, who sits enthron'd above,
 Refresh me with the Cordials of thy Love.

From a deep Sense of all my former Sins,
 A Death-bed sad Repentance now begins,
 And tho' I did God's Righteous Law offend,
 Who knows but he his Love may still extend.

Thro' Christ I may perhaps God's Pardon gain,
 Therefore so long as I do here remain,
 I'll cast myself into his Arms by Prayer,
 And if I suffer, let me suffer there.

Before this painful Life I do depart,
 I hope my Sighs, sent from a contrite Heart,
 May such a Reconciliation make,
 That God may save me thro' his Mercy's sake.

You that are now in health, alive and well,
 Turn from your Sins, for why, you cannot tell
 How soon you may be summon'd to the Grave,
 And each of you have a dear Soul to save;

Which you will find to be of greater Worth
 Than all the Crowns and Scepters of the Earth,
 To save us our blest dear Redeemer dy'd,
 In order that we might be glorify'd.

Consider this while you have Time and Space,
 And don't like me neglect the Means of Grace,
 Until Death doth in your Chamber wait,
 Left then a sad Repentance comes too late.

Many long Years I have in Folly spent,
 For which I have short Warning to repent,
 Therefore with Sorrow on a dying Bed,
 I weep to think upon the Life I've led.

Alas ! while we are in our Strength and Health,
 We covet nothing more than wordly Wealth,
 Our Bodies take up all our Pains and Care,
 While our more noble Souls neglected are.

Yet could we grasp the World and all its Store
 Or bring into our Power ten Times more,
 We should but slender Satisfaction find,
 For we must die and leave it all behind.

By sad Experience I can tell this Truth,
 I fought for Wealth e'er since I was a Youth,
 Yet from it now I must be forc'd to go,
 Whether my precious Soul be safe or no.

Many a holy Sabbath have I broke,
 By which a righteous God I did provoke,
 He justly may a late Repentence slight,
 Which if he should, my Soul is ruin'd quite.

Why did I such a dismal Hazard run ?
 Why did I let the thread of Life be spun,
 Almost to the last Period, e'er I thought
 Of Death ? who has at last his Summons brought.

I must submit, no power can withstand
 The heavy Stroke of Death's all-killing Hand,
 Who conquers mighty Monarchs of Renown,
 And at his Feet they lay their Scepters down.

The greatest King on Earth and poorest Slave,
 For wordly Pomp are equal in the Grave,
 Only the pious Actions of the Just,
 At the last Day, shall blossom in the Dust,

do not fear the fatal Stroke of Death,
 But freely would surrender up my Breath
 Unto that God who sits enthron'd on high,
 If I had nothing else to do than die.

But who is me ! I must confess with Tears,
 How I have sinn'd against him many Years.
 And if on me he doth some Pity take,
 It must be merely for his Mercy's Sake.

From Head to Foot I feel in every Part,
 The bitter Pangs of Death, my aching Heart
 Will break this Minute, and with Sorrow cry,
 Good Lord receive my soul and so I die.

Neighbours & friends by death are snatch'd away ;
 We that are now alive and well to-Day,
 May drop into the Grave for ought we know,
 Before we are prepar'd, and fit to go.

How ought we then to live like Christians here;
How circumspect in keeping a Conscience clear
From all Impiety, Fraud and Deceit,
If Death with Joy and Comfort we would meet.

This dying Sinner's penitential Tears,
Should move us all of age and riper Years,
To make our Calling and Election sure,
So our immortal Souls may be secure.

FINIS.

